

LASHBACK

serving the Past for the Future

Volume 48

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Number 1



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WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Washington County Historical Society

118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701

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FLASHBACK

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FLASHBACK is published and mailed four times a year—the first week in February, May, August, and November. Articles for *Flashback* should be submitted 60 days before the publishing date of each issue. Acceptable articles will be published in the next available issue, provided there is space.

COPY to be printed in *Flashback* may be submitted in one of several ways: 1) furnished on computer disc, preferably in WordPerfect for either Macintosh or a PC, 2) by e-mail to the editor at [dschaefe@comp.uark.edu] or [DES32@aol.com], or 3) cleanly typed copy that can be optically scanned. Text copy, photos, and artwork are all assembled on a computer. We welcome letters or e-mail messages that tell us of planned articles or inquire about Society activities.

THE CANE HILL MURDERS

by David R. Malone

The best known accounts of the murders of five members of the Wright family are reprinted in the *Flashback*. The murders occurred at Cane Hill, Arkansas, on the western frontier of Arkansas in 1839. The awful event and the frontier justice of the era make sensational reading. Part I of the "Cane Hill Murders" was in the November 1997 issue of *Flashback*.

Part II

The following testimony was introduced to the Committee of the Cane Hill Regulating company assembled at Hillsborough, on Cane Hill, on the 8th day of August, 1839, continuing the account from the *Arkansas Gazette*.

Witnesses for Plaintiffs

The deposition of Nancy D. Wright.

She stated that she never had any impressions concerning the guilt of L. Richards, previous to the time she went to Gen. Campbell's in the murder of William C. Wright and children.

Questions by Plaintiffs. - Did you hear Gen. Campbell or wife, say anything concerning this murder, and whether L. Richards was concerned in it or not?

Answer. - They talked as though they believed, in the first place, that Richards had a hand in the murder; but afterwards they talked as though they did not know so well about that, but that he was knowing to it, and that he was a Murrel man.

Question by same. - Did you make any remarks concerning the guilt of Richards in the murder of your husband and children or not; and also how your feelings are concerning his guilt at this time.

Answer. - I did believe him to be guilty, in the first place, from the impression that was made on me by

Gen. Campbell and wife. As I believed them to be my best friends, I gave ear to their conversation; but I do not believe him to be guilty now. She further stated that she never made any remarks concerning Charles M. McClelland[sic] that she recollected.

That she had some conversation with Mr. Houk concerning L. Richards and C.M. McClelland[sic], but did not recollect what it was.

That Campbell and wife spake slightly of Charles M. McClelland[sic], but she does not recollect their language.

She had said she never heard Campbell or wife say anything concerning Richards or McClelland[sic] being concerned in the matter, but said it in consequence of their kind treatment of her to screen them; but now, being called on to testify on oath, she was compelled to tell the truth.

Sworn to and subscribed by Nancy D. Wright, before me, the 7th Aug, 1839.

JOHN D. MOORE, J.P.

Second. The deposition of H.J. Coulter.

State of Arkansas

Washington county

This day personally appeared before me, an acting Justice of the Peace in and for the State and county aforesaid, H.J. Coulter, of lawful age, who, after being duly sworn according to law, deposeth and says, That on Saturday, the 2nd day of August, inst. in a conversation with Gen. John Campbell, at his own house, he (Campbell) stated that he understood Mr. Alexander Givens saw Levi Richards, on Sunday night previous to the execution of Richmond and others, have a private conversation with John Richmond, and that he (Campbell) inferred the object of said private conversation with Richmond, was to prevent Richmond from making any further confession, in order to screen

himself, and others, from being incriminated in said murder.

Deponent, further states that he told Campbell he would not believe such of Richards if a man would come and swear it, that the active part Richards had then to ferret out the murderers would contradict such an idea. He (Campbell) then stated that such was the case with the Murrel clan, when one of them was arrested, the other, unknown to the community, would be amongst the foremost and loudest against the one arrested.

Signed,

H.J.COULTER

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 7th Aug., 1839.

JOHN D. MOORE, J.P.

Third

*State of Arkansas)
Washington county)*

This day personally appeared before me, an acting Justice of the Peace in and for the county and State aforesaid, Alexander Givens, of lawful age, who, being duly sworn according to law, deposeth and says. That on Sunday night previous to the execution of John Richmond and others, he was the officer of the guard, and that Levi Richards was at the place but during that night, at which time he (Richards) called on this deponent to go with him a talk to the prisoners; that he done so, and that L. Richards, to his certain knowledge, had no private conversation with Richmond, or either one of the prisoners; that he was present, and heard all the conversation that took place between them; that the principal part of his conversation to the prisoners, was to come out and confess upon every man who was concerned; that if Richmond had laid it upon an innocent man to take it off of him and put it upon the guilty one; that whatever he done, not to make an innocent man suffer.

Signed

A. GIVENS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 7th Aug,
1839.

JOHN D. MOORE, J.P.

WITNESSES FOR DEFENDANT

First. Deposition of Jemima Coulter.

Jemima Coulter, of lawful age, deposeth and saith, That she went to Gen. Campbell's soon after Mrs. Wright went to stay at Gen. Campbell's, and staid all night. Maurice Wright stated, in her presence and that of F. Kerby, Jefferson Coulter, Mrs. Wright, and John and Mary E. Campbell, that a certain man told him to ask Nancy, who was at her house thirty-six hours before the murder was committed - that was the leader of the party. He said that evening he did ask her, and she said Jim Barnes. Some one asked him who that man was? He said he was under promise not to tell; the man said it would endanger his family. Mrs. Wright said that it was strange that that man was her friend. This is all I will be positive she said that night. I was often at Gen. Campbell's and never heard either Mrs. Wright, or any other person, say they ever thought of Mr. Richards having any hand in the murder, or being there that night.

Signed

JEMIMA COULTER

Sworn to and subscribed before.

JOHN D. MOORE, J.P.

Second. Deposition of Elizabeth Coulter. August the 9th, 1839.

Elizabeth Coulter, of lawful age, deposeth and saith; On Monday the 17th June, before ever Mrs. Wright was at Gen. Campbell's, I heard her say to Mr. Graham, when he asked her if she had a bureau, she said no, she had not; did not want to talk about it, for there was lots of such men, and some of them not far off. The first time prisoners were taken up, and Mrs. Wright went to see them, Ruth (Maurice Wright's wife) went with her, and they both came back here (to James

Coulter's). She then told me that the same man she had been talking about met her, and told her not speak to the prisoners. After they were brought out, he asked her if any of them answered the description? She said the size of the two small ones would suit, but the tall one was not there. He then turned away his head and drew a long breath, and would not have trembled worse if she had been his Maker. She told me this before she returned to Gen. Campbell's, or had seen either of them after she had seen the prisoners.

Signed, ELIZABETH COULTER
Sworn to and subscribed before.

JOHN D. MOORE, J.P.

Witness for Defendant, John Ballard, being sworn, state that he knew nothing of the charge.

Witness for Plaintiff, Abbott Wright, being sworn, stated that he heard the defendant say, first, that he would not be surprised if Richards was one of the party concerned that night; but afterwards said he had no doubt Richards was knowing to it.

Witness for Plaintiff, David Moore, being sworn, said he knew nothing of importance to the case.

Witness for Plaintiff, John Pogue, being sworn, deposed that Gen. Campbell said L. Richards was not at home at the time of the murder, and he had not found out where he was, and that he believed him to be a Murrel man. That this statement was made at the time the wounded boy was removed from Mr. Coulter's to Gen. Campbell's.

Witness for Plaintiff, Thomas Burgass, being sworn, deposed that Gen. Campbell said that the company met Mr. Richards and Mr. McClelland[sic] down about Mr. L. Evans. That Gen. Campbell said Mr. Richards said to Mr. Wright, that man that came to buy bacon thirty-six hours before the murder, was the man that did the murder, or was knowing to it. That Mr. Richards said if he mentioned it his life would be in

danger. That if Richards kept that fact to himself, he (Campbell) did not know but that he (Richards) was knowing to it.

After a full and fair investigation of the above and foregoing testimony, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Committee.

1st *Resolved*. That the above named L. Richards has been, by the Gen. John Campbell, knowingly, wilfully, and most grievously slandered.

2nd. That the said L. Richards is not only innocent of the charges preferred against him by the said Gen. John Campbell, but that it is due to the said Richards that the Committee should say, he has been amongst the most efficient of the company in ferreting out the murderers of Wm. C. Wright and children.

3rd. That the rumor implicating the said C.M. McClelland[sic] is entirely without foundation; and

4th That it is also due to said McClelland[sic] that the Committee say, he has been amongst the most active persons in the company in searching out the persons engaged in the above named murder.

Whereas, the constitution of the Cane Hill Independent Regulating Company requires a majority of two-thirds of the company to expel a member; Therefore,

Resolved, that the said John Campbell be and he is hereby, suspended from the privileges of this Committee and the company, until the vote of the company can be obtained concerning his expulsion.

Resolved, that Messrs. A. Buchanan, William Crawford, and B. H. Pierson, be, and they are hereby, appointed a committee to have the proceedings of this Committee in the case of L. Richards and C. M. McClelland[sic] against John Campbell, published in the *Arkansas Gazette*.

The Committee adjourned sine die.

Signed,

SAMUEL HARRIS, Chairman
WILLIAM CRAWFORD, Sec'y

I, Mark Bean, Captain of the Cane Hill Independent Regulating company, do hereby certify, that in view of the action of the Committee of said company in the case of L. Richards and C.M. McClelland[sic] against Gen. John Campbell, on the 17th inst., the vote of the company was taken, whether the said Campbell should be expelled from the company, and that the vote of the company was unanimous in favor of his expulsion. Given under my hand, this 31st day of August, A.D. 1839. MARK BEAN.

Conclusion

The references to "Murrel" give an interesting insight into the minds of the Cane Hill residents. The widow Wright, who first thought the murderers were Indians, and Gen. Campbell and his wife, appear to believe the murders were the work of Murrel men.

John Murrell, a small time career criminal from Tennessee, attained legendary status after the publication of a pamphlet by Virgil Stewart, a purported associate of Murrells. Stewart charged Murrell with a plot to organize a large band of outlaws in a plot to arouse slaves from Maryland to Louisiana in an effort to take over the Old Southwest. To lend credence to his charges, Stewart named alleged members of the gang, including a number of persons who appear to be from Eastern Arkansas. Walton, Augustus Q., [pseud. Virgil T. Stewart], *A History of the Detection, Conviction, Life and Designs of John A. Murel[sic], the Great Western Land Pirate* (private printing: Athens Tennessee, 1835).

In 1835 the *Arkansas Gazette* warned citizens to be on the lookout for a lawless band "who make a regular business of kidnapping [N]egroes and stealing horses, and running them off to the lower country" of Louisiana. The *Gazette* concluded that "at no time . . . have we known so much excitement as has been produced by the

band of robbers and murderers who infest our country." *Arkansas Gazette*, March 10, 1835 and April 7, 1835. See, Ball, Larry D., "Murrell in Arkansas: An Outlaw Gang in History and Tradition," 6 *Mid-South Folklore*, #3, winter, 1978, p. 65-75, and Penick, James L., Jr., *The Great Western Land Pirate: John A. Murrell in Legend and History*, (University of Missouri Press: Columbia, Mo.: 1981).

While the people of the frontier, which including Cane Hill in 1839, feared the "Murrellites" and other gangs, there was also trouble in Indian Territory less than ten miles to the East of Cane Hill.

Chief Ridge's assassination, growing out of the dispute between the Treaty party and the Ross party, occurred on June 22, 1839 in Washington County, just five miles west of Cane Hill. Ridge's murder (and the murder of two other related individuals) occurred only seven days after the Wright murders. See, *Arkansas Gazette*, July 3, 1839 and Littlefield, Daniel F., Jr. and Underhill, Lonnie E., "Fort Wayne and the Arkansas Frontier, 1838-1840," 35 *Arkansas Historical Quarterly* 334 59.

The murders of the Wrights and of Chief Ridge were only six of the fourteen violent deaths (exclusive of those hung at Cane Hill) in Washington County, according to a lonesome young Fayetteville store clerk in a letter back home to his family in New Albany, Indiana. See, Donat, Pat [ed.], "A Young Man Looks At Fayetteville in the 1830's," Vol. 26 *Flashback*, No. 3 (August, 1976).

In addition, during the period of the investigation of the Wright murders, Alfred Arrington was stirring citizens in Washington County about the failure to arrest Willis Wallace for the murder of John Curry in Fayetteville. The citizens of Prairie Grove valley, called for a meeting of every citizen, at Farmington spring, to raise a force to back the sheriff and take Wallace dead or alive. The siege of Wallace's forces in Fayetteville (with

cannon involved) caused the *Arkansas Gazette* on August 28, 1839, to call for some friend in Washington County to give a full and fair account of the "fuss at Fayetteville." The responses filled the *Gazette* of September 25, 1839, with plenty of news from Washington County. In addition to an account of the "fuss," a letter divulging unsavory facts about Arrington's past, and the depositions of the Cane Hill Regulating Company appeared in that edition of the *Gazette*. The fuss has become known as the Arrington and Wallace war. A summary of that war appears in Volume VI, Number 6 of *Flashback*.

Alfred Arrington's account of the Cane Hill Murders, which he first published in *The Desperadoes of the Southwest* in 1847 under the pseudonym Charles Summerfield, must be read to get a highly unofficial and unfavorable view of the actions of the Cane Hill Regulating Company. Much of his account, and some correction of his obvious factual errors, are also found in Vol. VI, No. 6 of *Flashback*. The account of the Cane Hill murders written by Arrington must be read with a skeptical and jaundiced eye. Many of his facts are disputed by the newspaper accounts abstracted in this article. To get a full perspective of Arrington, former minister, lawyer, and Washington County legislator, one must read Worley, Ted R., "The Story of Alfred W. Arrington," 14 *Arkansas Historical Quarterly* 315-39 (Winter, 1955) and Durham, Phillip, "The Desperado As Hero," 14 *Arkansas Historical Quarterly* 340-58 (Winter, 1955). The agitation on the western frontier of Arkansas and the reaction to it by the citizens of Cane Hill stirred controversy. It is clear from J. F. Bates' recollection of the Cane Hill Murders that not everyone agreed with the findings of the Cane Hill Regulating Committee. See, "Murder of the Wright Family - Recollections," *Flashback*, Vol. VI, No. 6, reprinted from Publication of the Arkansas Historical Associa-

tion, Vol. IV, 1917. In addition, on August 7, 1839, the *Arkansas Gazette* strongly deplored the extra-legal nature of the proceedings and executions:

Murderers Hang - Three of the murderers of the Wright family of Washington county have been taken by the citizens, and hung without any formal trial. - their names, we understand to be Turner, Barnes, and Richmond. We regret this step, although we have no doubt that the villains deserved their fate. We regret it because it has a greater tendency to bring law into disrespect, and to unhinge society, than the very act it was intended to punish - which was one of unmitigated and horrible turpitude; while the one we are now recording has a show of justification in the outrage which incited the citizens to such prompt revenge; and, indeed, there was no necessity in this case for private citizens undertaking the loathsome duty of the executioner; for the culprits could have had no hope to escape the law through the hands of a jury as their guilt was sufficiently apparent to rouse the indignant citizens to an act of such sudden retribution. If it was done to make justice sure, the necessity could have been obviated by a removal of the prisoners into some more interior county where they would have been safely retained till disposed of in due course of law. As it is, it cannot be helped; we merely make these remarks in order to show the light in which such an act is viewed at a distance sufficient to take from it all bias of a personal or sectional nature - for here the criminals were unknown, and it is equally unknown who were engaged in putting them to death. We hope, hereafter, to hear of no extra-legal executions, and that none of our fellow citizens, even in the virtuous indignation caused by horrible and revolting crime, will take the lives of others of our fellow citizens, who, although they may by their acts deserve death, have yet guarantied to them, by the constitu-

tion to which we are all parties, a trial by a jury of their fellows. If it had been necessary to shoot them down in preventing flight, the act would have been one, even then, of most disagreeable necessity, from which the most of men would shrink with the natural repugnance to shed blood inherent in the mind of civilized men; but to hang them deliberately, without any immediate necessity, must leave an impression on the minds of those engaged in it, which it will take years to efface, for those who, even in their own defence [sic], are compelled to take the life of an individual, are seldom anxious for the recurrence of such necessity, however honorably the deed may have been done....

The Regulating Committee took little note - William Bailey was found in South Arkansas, returned to Cane Hill and hanged in December, 1839. See, Neal, J.P., "The Wright Murders," *Flashback*, Vol. IV, #1, p. 4-9. Since Nicholson, a Cherokee, was living in the Indian Nation, a request for his return was made by the Regulators to Chief John Ross. Ross and other leading men of the Nation, believing him to be innocent, appealed to the Cherokee agent, Muntford Stokes. Stokes helped gain testimony supporting Nicholson's innocence and refused to turn Nicholson over to the Regulators. Nicholson was, however, later arrested and held for one thousand dollars' bail. He was never turned over to the Regulators for hanging. See, Moulton, Gary E., *John Ross: Cherokee Chief*, University of Georgia Press, Athens, p. 115. "Jack" or "Jim" were never found.

A brief and incomplete account of the Cane Hill murders may be found in Carnahan, Alfred E., "The Pyeatts and the Carnahans of Old Cane Hill," *Bulletin Series*, Washington County Historical Society (Fayetteville, 1954), and in Williams, Charles G., "The Cane Hill Murders of 1839 in History and Literature," 29 *Arkansas Historical Quarterly* 209-14 (Autumn, 1970). Williams has

done a valuable service in locating the site of the Wright cabin and providing an aerial photograph of its location. His article was based, in part, on the contemporary newspaper accounts reprinted in this article.

A definitive history on the Cane Hill Regulators has yet to be written. Beloved *Flashback* editor, Walter Lemke, published much of the original source material for the story of this period in Washington County. With the publication of this article, the *Flashback* will have reprinted the other known accounts of the murders and completed the work begun by editor Lemke. ❖

QUERIES

E. Jane Robison, 8000 Donore #67, San Antonio, TX 78229-2601 is searching for the parents or family of WILHELMINA MEADORS, born northeast of Alma, Ark. in 1878. Also searching for parents of GEORGE ELMER ROBISON, born in Harrison, Ark. in 1861. Both the Robison and Meadors families are known to have been in Crawford, Washington, and Benton Counties at some time in the late 1800s. It is also believed that Wilhelmina and George were married in Bentonville on or about the year 1890.

Mary Neill, 217 S. Farm Road, Springfield, MO 65802 is seeking information on family of WILLIAM OLIVER NEILL and CATHERINE DODSON. Their children were JULIAN, THOMAS, ELIZABETH VIRGINIA, TENNESSEE, JOHN MARION, GEORGE, NANCY OLEVIA, WILLIAM OLIVER JR., and JAMES ADDISON NEILL. She has information on James Addison and is trying to find connection to her family who came from Bedford County, Tenn. ❖

Genesis of the Luttrell Influence on the Illinois River Valley

by Betty Skelton

"In all of us there is a hunger, marrow-deep, to know our heritage - to know who we are and where we have come from. Without this enriching knowledge, there is a hollow yearning. No matter what our attainments in life, there is still a vacuum, an emptiness, and the most disquieting loneliness." – Alex Haley, 1977, the author of *Roots*

Betty Lou Anderson was born 10 Feb. 1937 in Prairie Grove, Washington County, Arkansas. On 26 Dec. 1954 she married Dwain H. Skelton of the same county. To that union was born three children: Glenda Jane "Janey," Augsburg, Germany, 2 Jun. 1956; Jeffery Dwain "J.D.," Springdale, Ark., 16 Sep. 1957; and Johnny Robert, Springdale, Ark., 25 Sep. 1958.

Betty's mother, Vada Aresta Luttrell, was born 2 Dec. 1910 in Washington Co., Ark. On 22 Feb. 1936, she married Hubert Alexander Anderson also of Washington County. To that union was born: Betty Lou, 10 Feb. 1937, at Prairie Grove, Washington County; and Carol Ann, 7 Jul. 1950, also arriving at Prairie Grove.

Vada died 23 Sep. 1993 in North Little Rock, Ark. and is buried in White Oak Cemetery in Washington County. She was 82 years old.

Vada's father was Jacob Cue "Jake" Luttrell, born 14 Mar.

1877 in Washington County. On 5



Jacob Cue "Jake" Luttrell and Lieulla "Lou Allie" (Phipps) Luttrell.



The Jake Luttrell family— standing: Florence, Bessie, Arlie, Lena, Vada, and Ruby; seated: Lieulla and Jake Luttrell.

Apr. 1896, Jake married Lieualla “Lou Allie” Phipps, of the same county. To that union was born: Lena May, 21 Jun. 1899; Bessie Jane, 21 Jul. 1902; Arlie William, 27 Oct. 1903; Florence Lucille, 5 Jan. 1905; Vada Aresta, 2 Dec. 1910; and Ruby Pauline, 31 Dec. 1915. All those children were born along side the Illinois River in Washington County. Jake Luttrell died on 11 May 1952 and is buried in the White Oak Cemetery in Washington County.

A family member retains the Association Book for the Regular Primitive Baptist of Washington County, Arkansas. The first meeting minutes recorded begin with 4 Sep. 1846 and refer to a previous meeting. Jake Luttrell was clerk of the Association in 1928, 29, and 30. At times, Vada and Ruby actually wrote the minutes in the book for their dad. Between September 1861 and September 1866 (Civil War) there were no entries.

Lieualla Luttrell’s paternal grandfather, James Phipps, was a delegate from the Bethlehem Church to

the Association meetings in 1855. In September 1859, the delegates from the Bethlehem Church were James Phipps and Shelton Luttrell, Jake's father. In October 1883, 84, 85, and 86, the Zion Church delegates were William Osborn, Sr., and Lieualla's maternal grandfather, William M. Richardson. In 1886, William Osborn, of Wheeler, aged 52, was recognized as a licensed minister for the Zion Church.

Some other names mentioned in the Association Book are: Peter Mankins, Sr., J. Stout, and W. Ballard of the Middle Fork Church (Hazel Valley?); W. F. Ezell and Elder J. S. Cowin of the Bethlehem Church (Weddington); and W. R. Neal and J. E. Curry of the Zion Church (Wheeler).

The Luttrells were honest, generous, and hardworking folks.

If a preacher was anywhere in the Illinois River Valley, they tried to go hear him. Visiting preachers always found a nourishing meal and a warm bed at their house. One of Jake's youngsters jumped into bed one night only to discover Lieualla had already given the bed for that night to a tired, traveling preacher.

Jake's father was Shelton Nathan Luttrell, a blue eyed Irishman with red/gray wavy hair, born in Illinois on 1 Aug. 1823. He was an original settler in Peters Colony of Texas and was issued Fannin County Third Class Certificate #1445 for 640 acres, which he patented in Denton County.

Shelton Luttrell was twice married. His first wife was Elizabeth "Bettie" Pierce (Pearce) who was born ca 1827 in Arkansas. Their's was the first marriage recorded in the newly formed Denton County, Texas. To that union was born: W.F., [1845]; James Postem, 21 Apr. 1849; Samuel Bluford, 21 May 1851; and Martha Melvira, 4 Mar. 1854. All those children were born in Texas.

Elizabeth Pierce's father appears to have been Francis Pierce.

Francis Pearce (Pierce) settled on a section of land in Peters Colony of Texas, in 1848 (Abstract #A-1016), that cornered on 160 acres settled by Shelton Luttrell (Abstract #A-743).

William Poston Pearce, Francis Pierce's son, settled a half section, in 1848, (Abstract #A-1015) that joined Shelton's land to the west and Francis Pierce's land to the north. After Francis Pierce died, sometime prior to 1854, Shelton Luttrell gained title to 320 acres of the Francis Pierce headright as a Colonist in Peters Colony. It is presumed Elizabeth, Shelton's wife, inherited one half of her father's headright.

Anglo settlement of Peters Colony began after William S. Peters, of Louisville, Kentucky, and several others, obtained a land grant from the Texas Congress in 1841. The land settled by their company, the Texian Land and Immigration Company, became known as the Peters Colony. The contract with the Peters Company obligated the Company to introduce at least 600 families but not over 10,000 families into the unoccupied region in the Red River and upper Trinity River Country. Each settler who was the head of a family was allowed 640 acres of land, and each single man over seventeen years of age was allowed 320 acres upon payment to the company of certain surveying and filing fees. The company was to receive from the government of the Republic ten sections of land for each one hundred families and ten half-sections of land for each one hundred single men brought into the colony. The Peters Company advertised extensively in Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Arkansas, Illinois, and Indiana.

The 1850 U.S. Census for Denton County, Texas shows Francis Pierce and his wife Anna as family #52 with



Louisa Jane (Null) Luttrell, second wife of Shelton Luttrell and mother of Jake.

F., a 13-year-old female with them. The same census shows Shelton Luttrell as family #48, and staying in that household is Foster Pearce, a 20-year-old male. Records show Elizabeth "Bettie" (Pierce) Luttrell, William Poston, Foster, and F. Pearce were all born in Arkansas.

Shelton Luttrell's second wife was Louisa Jane Null who was born 17 Aug. 1839 in Louisiana. To that union was born: Elvira, 31 Aug. 1857; Lewis Andrew, 26 Jul. 1859; William, (6 Apr. 1862 - 9 May 1866); Margaret Ann, 9 May 1866; Joseph, 22 Dec. 1869; Columbus "Lum," 3 Jul. 1871; Shepherd Shelton, 5 Feb. 1874; and Jacob Cue "Jake," 14 Mar. 1877. All those children were born along side the Illinois River in Washington County, Arkansas.

Shelton Nathan Luttrell died on 26 Aug. 1894 and is buried in the Bell Cemetery in Washington County.

Louisa Jane (Null) Luttrell is buried next to him. The gravesite for Shelton's first wife Elizabeth "Bettie" (Pierce) Luttrell remains unknown.

Family legend has "Jake" Luttrell's son, Arlie William Luttrell, being named after his great grandfather William Luttrell. That being true, then Shelton Luttrell's father was William Luttrell. What follows should support that idea.

William Luttrell would have been born about 1785 in Virginia. Some researchers believe he was married twice. A William Luttrell married Franky Shelton on 20 Sep. 1805 in Lincoln County, Kentucky. In the 1810 U.S. census for Kentucky, a William Luttrell was enumerated in Jessamine County. He was surrounded by Sheltons. Land records show a William Luttrell buying 223 acres of land in Robertson County, Tennessee on 17 Apr. 1817 (Book W, pages 580-584, LG #s 9940-9943).



Joe and Jake Luttrell

In the 1820 U.S. census for Tennessee, a William Luttrell was enumerated in Franklin County. Both he and his wife were shown as being between 26 and 45 years old. They had three sons and four daughters. A William Luttrell was a voter in Diamond Grove Precinct, Morgan County, Illinois on 2 Aug. 1824. On 19 Nov. 1827, a William Luttrell paid \$100.00 for 80 acres of land in Morgan Co., Ill. (E1/2, SE1/4, Section 26, Township 14N, Range 9W). In the 1830 U.S. census for Illinois, a

William Luttrell was in Morgan County. Seven sons lived with them at that time. He was between 40 and 49 and his wife was between 20 and 29 years old. She was probably not the same wife he had in 1820. On 13 Jan. 1831, a William Luttrell and wife, Elizabeth (Betsy), sold six acres in Morgan Co., Ill. (Section 25, Township 14N, Range 9W). In 1833, a William Luttrell paid 68 and 3/4 cents county personal estate tax in Current River Township, Old Lawrence County, Arkansas Territory. He lived near several other Luttrell families who were thought to have been his father (Nathan) and siblings. In the 1840 U.S. census for Missouri, a William Luttrell is enumerated in either Marion or Johnson Township of Polk County. He was between 40 and 49 and his wife between 30 and 39 years old. In their household were four sons and three daughters. The three girls were under five years old. On 6 May 1844, William Luttrell, a colonists in Peters Colony of Texas, submitted certificate #343 to patent 480 acres of land (abstract #A-740), a part of sections 13 & 14, Township 4N, Range 3W, on Hickory Creek, in what was then Fannin County, now Denton Co., Texas. His son Shelton settled on Hickory Creek also (Abstract #A-743). William Luttrell died in Denton Co., Texas prior to taxes being collected in 1846. His estate was in probate from 1846 until 1851. The 1850 U.S. census for Denton Co., Texas enumerates, as family #49, Elizabeth Luttrell, aged 52, born in North Carolina, with children: Ellen, born in Illinois in 1835; Elizabeth, born in Illinois in 1837; E.J., born in Missouri in 1839; and A.B., a son, born in Missouri in 1841.

The 1850 Denton Co., Texas census corresponds well with the 1840 Missouri census information which corresponds well with the 1830 Illinois census information which corresponds well with the 1820 Tennessee census information. It appears William Luttrell could have

fathered close to a dozen children. One of those sons was Shelton Nathan Luttrell.

By 1857 Elizabeth Luttrell and sons Shelton and William Jr. had disposed of their property in Denton Co., Texas and moved their families to Washington Co., Ark. and located on property along side the Illinois River.

Washington County, Arkansas Marriage Records show an Elizabeth Luttrell marrying Mark Peerson on 17 Dec. 1857, an Ellender Luttrell marrying Jeremiah Rene on 12 Oct. 1858, and an Alvina (Elvina) Jane Luttrell marrying William Craig on 19 Mar. 1860. A Justice of the Peace named James G. Craig performed the first two of those ceremonies but he died before the third one took place. These could be the three daughters shown in the Elizabeth Luttrell Household in the 1850 Denton Co., Texas Census.

Incidentally, most all of the land on Hickory Creek in Denton Co., Texas is now covered by the Lewisville Lake. The dam is located between Dallas and Denton near the city of Lewisville, Texas. The lake incorporates the former Lake Dallas and controls the run-off from 1660 square miles of drainage area. A U.S. Army Corps of Engineers Park, Pilot Knoll, is now situated on the west side of William Luttrell's 480-acre plot (Abstract #A-740). It is a nice place to spend some time with your RV.

William's father was Nathan Luttrell. Nathan was born ca 1747 in Prince William County, Virginia and died in Hardeman County, Tennessee in 1840. He was married in Virginia to Nancy Sarah Shelton. To that union was born: William, ca 1785; James, 7 Dec. 1788; John, 1791/2, d. 20 Aug. 1843; Nathaniel, ca 1794, d. March 1865; Shelton, 12 May 1795, Casey County, Kentucky; Charles, ca 1797; Colbert, ca 1799/1800, d. 15 Aug. 1866; Sarah, ca 1802; and Bluford, ca 1810, Lincoln Co., Tenn., d. 24 Mar. 1891, Miller County, Missouri.

Nathan's property was sold on 10 Sep. 1840 and the estate was settled on 13 Oct. 1842. Colbert Luttrell was the administrator. Others identified as either heirs or at least purchasers at the sale were: John Luttrell, Charles Luttrell, Bluford Luttrell, William Luttrell, James Luttrell, and Sarah Runnells (Reynolds). His property included three slaves.

Documents in the historical files in Schuyler County, Illinois relate Colbert, Bluford and Shelton Luttrell as brothers and indicate they came to Illinois from Hardeman County, Tennessee.

Documents in the McClung Historical Collection in the Knox Co., Tenn. Public Library relate John, James, Nathan Jr., Shelton, Charles, Bluford, Colbert, William, and possibly Rodham as sons of Nathan and Sarah (Shelton) Luttrell.

Note: This Shelton Luttrell is not to be confused with the one we identified in the Denton Co., Texas 1850 census. The Schuyler County Shelton is one generation older than the Denton County Shelton. They are uncle and nephew.

The National Archives has record number R 6536 showing that Nathan Luttrell of Weakley County, Tennessee filed for a Revolutionary War Pension. He appeared, on 3 Jul. 1837, at the July term of the county court to be interrogated in accordance with War Department instructions. Appearing with him, as witnesses, were Chapman Taylor and Jeremiah Shelton, a clergyman. This Jeremiah Shelton may have been a close relative of Sarah (Shelton) Luttrell. The Sheltons and Luttrells migrated together and intermarried for several generations. Thus the name given William's son, Shelton Nathan Luttrell.

In 1787 Nathan Luttrell was taxed in Henry County, Virginia. On 4 Mar. 1799 he was assigned duties as a

chainman on Original Land Grant Surveys along the Green River in Lincoln and Casey Counties, Kentucky. In 1813, he was granted 30 acres of land in the 2nd district of Lincoln Co., Tenn. on waters of Shelton's Creek. James and Shelton Luttrell surveyed the land (Assignee of Pvt. David Brodrick RWLG #4134). On 29 Jun. 1814, Nathan Luttrell was granted another 30 acres in Lincoln County (LG #4660, Book H, page 175). On 16 Nov. 1827, Nathan Luttrell was granted 60 acres in Lincoln Co., Tenn. (LG #5089, Book 6, page 412).

What additional evidence is required to tie Shelton Nathan Luttrell through William Luttrell to Nathan Luttrell? Does it exist?

Nathan's father was Michael Luttrell. Michael was born ca 1705 and died 16 Mar. 1776. His will was probated on 24 Aug. 1778 in Fauquier County, Virginia. His wife was Dinah _____. To that union was born: Nathan, ca 1747, Prince William Co., Va.; Michael ca Oct. 1751, in Virginia; Franklin, ca 1758; Hannah; Abner, 1766; Dolly, 1768; Lydia; Diane; Richard; Sarah; Lott, 1772; Betsy; Rodham; and John.

Michael's father was Richard Luttrell. Richard was born ca 1685 in Westmorland Co., Va. and died 27 Sep. 1764 in Fauquier Co., Va. His will was probated in Fauquier Co., Va. on 25 May 1766. His wife was Mary Tyler. To that union was born: Mary; Richard, 1734, d. 1819; Michael, ca 1705; James; Samuel; Sarah; John, ca 1732, d. 1790; Antiss (Unstiss); Susanna; Catherine; and Robert, ca 1738.

It is thought the Luttrells came from England to Tidewater, Virginia at a very early date. Richard's father was James Luttrell. James was born ca 1630 probably in Tankardstown, County Meath, Ireland and died ca 1698 in St. Stephen's Parish, Northumberland County, Virginia. He was a Colonial Immigrant to Somerset County,

Maryland ca 1667. James was twice married. His second wife was Susanna _____. To that union was born: Richard, ca 1685; John, 10 Nov. 1691, St. Stephen's Parish, Northumberland Co., Va.; James Jr.; and Thomas.

Other researchers trace the Luttrell Family back fourteen generations earlier than James. See *A Genealogy and Biography of the Family of Luttrell 1066 to 1893*, by Elston Luttrell.

Editor's note: Family research involves finding and searching through cemeteries. The research done by Dwain and Betty Skelton on this story prompted this letter, dated June 1, 1996, to Washington County Judge Charles Johnson:

"Over the Memorial Day Weekend my wife and I traveled to Washington County. We were given directions to the Bell Cemetery where her Great Grandfather, Shelton Luttrell, was buried.

"To get there we drove west on Highway 16, approximately 10 miles, until we crossed the Illinois River, then went south on County Road 37, three miles, to County Road 66. There we turned left and drove one half mile to the cemetery. What a disaster we found!

"The cemetery is located in a grove of trees. There were at least fifty cattle standing in that grove. The fence has been removed and the cattle allowed to roam all over what had at one time been a very large cemetery.

"Many of the commercial stones were trodden into the ground and splattered with fresh cow manure. Fortunately, the Luttrell plot had been securely fenced with cyclone fencing attached to steel posts and supported horizontally with steel piping. It took me about five hours working with saws and grubbing hoes to get the trees and debris out of that plot and reset a couple of the stones.

"We contacted friends, neighbors, relatives, and even the Washington County Historical Society to attempt to determine

what caused this cemetery desecration. We were told, about thirty [years] ago the owner of the property took down the fence and turned his cattle in. Some time later, many of the commercial headstones were removed and placed by the road ditch.

"We believe some of the earliest settlers from the Illinois River Valley are buried in the Bell Cemetery. Among them are Bells, Brownlees, Nulls, Phipps, Thurmans and Luttrells. The grandfathers of those families fought in the Revolutionary War.

"I beseech you, as a class action, on behalf of the dead in Bell Cemetery, to enforce Senate Bill 606, approved 14 April 1995, and have that grand old cemetery restored and the stones, that were reportedly removed, returned.

This was, in part, the reply they received from Judge Charles Johnson, written June 11, 1996:

"Thank you for your letter calling my attention to the condition of the Bell Cemetery located on County Road 66.

"I am not that familiar with the cemetery but it seems a shame that it has fallen into such disrepair and has been neglected and vandalized over the years. It is doubtful that Senate Bill 606 which you referred to can be enforced against action prior to the time the bill was passed. However, if some way can be found or if descendants of those buried in the cemetery and others who have an interest to do some restoration and perhaps build a fence around it to keep the cattle out, the provisions of Senate Bill 606 could be enforced against further vandalism.

"I will look into the situation concerning the cemetery and see what I can find out about it and at the very least perhaps forestall any additional abuse and desecration of the cemetery. . . ."

Anyone who wants more information about this family or who has information to share may contact Dwain or Betty Lou Skelton, 28507 219th Street, Easton, KS 66020; telephone - (913) 773-8560. ❖

The Legacy of the Depression: A Conglomerate of Experiences

by Chris Craun

The Great Depression of the late 20s and early 30s was a complex phenomena that was experienced in different ways among many types of people. Men and women, mothers and fathers, boys and girls—each group learned behaviors and attitudes from the harsh lessons of the depression. These beliefs affected not only the individuals themselves, but their relationships with each other, their children, and the legacy they left for today's generation. This legacy varies from family to family and individual to individual. Without accounts from depression survivors, contemporary Americans often find themselves unable to move beyond a textbook's description of poverty and pain and into the lives of their forefathers—lives that still affect their descendants today. The depression is an experience that is dying alongside the generation that lived it. It is time to ask what was the depression really like before our first-hand evidence is gone. In so doing, we may come to a better understanding of ourselves.

Most academics are familiar with the 'text-book' view of the depression. They've seen the statistics for unemployment, even glanced at the pictures of 'Hoovervilles.' Most recognize the stock-market crash, Black Tuesday, as the popular watermark for the beginning of the depression. But the depression was far more than a stock market crash or a radical drop in the GNP. It was about changed lives, both good and bad. This period of roughly 12 years arguably shaped more people in America than any event since the Civil War. Several modern textbooks have tried to show the damage done to individuals

by the depression. Unfortunately, they are bound to fail for several reasons. Their audience is too broad. A textbook is limited to the amount of space it can devote to individual stories and also in the amount of research time the author has to find them. Also, it is impossible to select one or two persons from the whole country and have an adequate representation of the norm. The end result is a biased selection of subjects based upon the author's preconceived ideas of what was normal or what is most important.

To combat this, I decided to take a different approach. This study starts with two couples that currently live in northwest Arkansas, and traces their memories back to the depression, regardless of where these memories lead. As will become clear, these memories are quite different and illustrate how marriages and families become a conglomerate of the experiences of their founders. The point is not that their experiences are examples of larger groups, but that these couples are examples of a dynamic inherent in all generations. These individuals lived through challenging times and the families they formed were affected by them.

Each partner brought his or her experiences to the table and passed them down to the next generation—and ultimately to ours. A fact that can be documented in most any family—in any time.

* * * * *

The year was 1927. The summer was beautiful, a last feast before the piper was paid. Everywhere, common people were confident in the future of their powerful nation. After all, weren't wars abolished and peace present throughout the land? WILLIAM CRAUN thought so. A native of Flint, Indiana (a then prosperous suburb of Fort Wayne), William had every reason to believe this. His father had built his family a solid financial base by

working as a skilled carpenter throughout the late eighteenth hundreds. William grew up far from rich, yet possessing a security that few families experienced at that time. He had been able to glean enough from his inheritance to start a small grocery business several years back and had watched proudly as it matured into a strong financial structure. With his newfound prosperity, William had married and begun a family. Acquiring a house in Flint, the Crauns began to spend money on low-end luxury goods, such as a phonograph. William was encouraged by his business success and had begun investing a large part of his profits in stocks. The family soon began to spend the cold Indiana winters in sunny Florida.

To allow for this move, William opened a winter vegetable and fruit market in Tampa. Now, he was a man of means, with businesses in both the north and the south. As he watched his business grow and his stocks climb, William Craun looked ahead into what appeared to be an ever-brightening future.

ARCH PATTON KING, known to his friends as A.P., had failed to notice the affluence of the twenties—possibly because where he lived, there wasn't any. An Arkansas sharecropper and the son of a sharecropper, A.P. lived a life far removed from the urban hustle and bustle of the Crauns. Arch Patton King was familiar with hard times. His father had died of consumption at a young age, leaving him to support his mother. After her death, he had married a young lady from Kingston, Arkansas. She had given him two sons before falling victim to T.B. in her early thirtys. Wracked by his loss, A.P. raised his two sons to manhood before finding another wife. America Delilah Powell became his second wife and the mother of two more sons. King had sharecropped here and there for large planters based out of Fayetteville. At this

time he and his elder two sons were working 600 acres along the middlefork valley. Cotton, wheat, and corn were the major crops. It was a hard life, full of manual labor and credit run up at the Elkins town store. Yet, it was all A.P. and his family had known and therefore, it felt normal. Their society was made up of people just like them, with only a few owning their own land. Their community supported each other when there was need for each knew what poverty was like. Entertainment was communal—dances, baseball games, swimming—all done together. Every week saw a dinner on the church grounds where families met to discuss this year's crop, this season's dress styles, or the cute girl who sat in front of you in Sunday school. Nothing seemed to change here. A.P. didn't expect it ever would.

ARVIL TONEY was tired. He had worked another twenty-hour day again. It just didn't ever seem to end. Longshoremen had a tough job. Every day, it was down to the Monterey docks before sun-up. The ships would be there, lying like huge whales beached by the docks. Arvil would crawl his way up the ladder to the foredeck and begin manning the spars and boom, making ready to transfer the cargo from ship to shore. It was back-breaking work—men straining to force the huge crates of fruit, barrels of oil, or rubber products onto pallets that could be lifted with the boom. The job was dangerous, as well. It would be very easy to be crushed by a crate, or hit by a boom, maybe even torn apart by the cables controlling the boom's movements. If the longshoremen were lucky, they'd finish in fourteen hours or so and could go home for supper. If not, then they could be there till long after midnight.

The natural danger of the labor, combined with the long hours, had caused Toney to witness a man injured or killed every month or two. Yet the job was all he had

to support his wife and their three children. Arvil longed for change. It could only get better.

GLENN OBERLIN smiled as he adjusted the carburetor on the Model T roadster he was working on. Life was good. He had one more thing to fix on this one and he could call it quits for the day. Wiping his hands on a rag, Glenn smiled as he heard his wife call him for dinner. Glenn had always been fairly successful. His father had been a gambler who had worked for Tammany Hall during the Progressive era of the late eighteen hundreds. Glenn had been smart enough to save the money he had received from his father and invest it in a respectable business. It was the wave of the future—automobiles. Glenn had bought his garage in Flint, Indiana, before automobiles were important. Everyone had laughed when he told them he was going to work on cars for a living—but they weren't laughing now. The last ten years had begun a massive revolution among Americans. Glenn Oberlin had more customers than he could serve.

His profits could have been substantial had he controlled his one vice. Glenn was an alcoholic. Still, even with the money he spent on booze, there was enough left over to support his wife and two daughters comfortably. Glenn didn't have many needs anyway. His success was being able to stop working whenever HE decided and to survive modestly. As he headed upstairs to the family apartment above the garage, Glenn Oberlin grinned. He just couldn't ask for much more.

Nineteen Thirty

WILLIAM CRAUN was worried. His grocery profits were barely worth calling profits. In fact, he was starting to fall into the red. He had never planned on people just being unable to purchase food. His prices had fallen, as he repeatedly cut his profits to try to promote sales. The

money just wasn't there. People were depending on gardens or what little they could afford to buy—which wasn't enough to support a grocery business. If only he still had the money he had invested in stocks. Then he could have held out through at least another two years, maybe by then the market would have improved. But that was spilt milk now.

Black Tuesday had seen his several thousand dollars worth of stock drop until it wasn't worth the paper it was printed on. Now, it looked like his career as a grocer had reached its end. He had just enough left, that if he sold the business, he could by this eighty-acre farm he had found outside of town. There he and his family could raise their own food and just survive until the market picked up. Perhaps he could sell some milk to provide money for clothes and the like. It was worth a try.

A.P. KING was ecstatic. All his years of scratching and saving had finally paid off. The depression hadn't hurt King and his neighbors too badly. Their cash crops had been a loss due to the bottoming out of prices. This hurt the landowners far more than it did the sharecroppers, because they were totally dependent upon the sales of cash crops. Sharecroppers had their five acres apiece that they could fill with subsistence crops and dairy cows. This meant that their basic needs were met. Luxuries, however, were nonexistent because the time-honored credit system had broken down with the drop in crop prices.

The reason behind A.P.'s happiness was that falling farm prices had brought land down within his price range. His lifetime hoard was just enough to purchase this twenty-acre tract on Round Mountain. For the first time in two generations, a King was going to be a landowner. America Delilah was excited as well. She knew how hard her husband and sons had worked to

enable them to move. She had worked hard herself. Indeed, if any member of the family had felt the effects of the depression most, it would have been America Delilah. Hers was the responsibility of caring for the children's welfare. When Gene, their youngest son was sick, it was America Delilah that picked enough pecans and walnuts to pay the doctor for his services. She was the one who patched the never-ending line of shirts, socks, and pants that could never be retired. It was also America Delilah who cared for the garden that provided most of the family's staple diet. But if they could finally own land of their own—it would all be worth it.

THE TONEYS were hungry. It was the third week of the strike. The United Longshoremen Union had told them to hold tight. It was only a matter of time before the shipping lords gave in to their demands. Arvil hoped they were right. His family was almost finished with the supplies given to them by the union. Longshoremen paid dues to the union that went into a pool for just such times. The Toney's had been receiving union staples for the last week and a half—all the union had to give. If there wasn't some sort of agreement soon, there would be hell to pay. A knock on the door brought word from one of the Union leaders.

"The Company's called in strikebreakers, Arvil. What's more, they've brought out the police to make sure those bums get to OUR jobs! Just goes to show ya, . . . money is all that matters in town hall! Listen, Arvil! Y' want ta help your family, don't ya . . . and the families of your friends? Meet me and the boys at midnight beside the docks and bring a club . . . We're not gonna take this ly'in down! If they want a war, by grab they'll get one!"

That night the Longshoremen took to the street in a riot that flared off and on for a week until Monterey shipping bosses finally gave in to the Longshoremen's

demands. Several people were injured, some were rumored to have died in the bloody street fights between the company's professional shoulder-strikers and the desperate Longshoremen. Eventually, Monterey businesses accepted the Longshoremen's pleas and ended the strike by enacting shorter workweeks of 40 hours. They also worked with labor leaders to provide a safer work environment on the docks and to standardize wages at a reasonable level. Arvil Toney and his family were able to move from their shanty by the docks into a small house in a respectable part of town. The job was still tough, but the pay was becoming commensurate with the dangerous work. Arvil was thankful for the change, and the depression. It was the depression that provided a climate where the union could exert economic pressure upon the shipping industry. Before, business had been so good that the companies could have absorbed the losses inflicted by a strike and wait the labor union out. Now, business was needed so badly that a delay of three or four weeks was catastrophic. In a way, the Toney's owed their new found wealth and respect to the worldwide drop in economic production that was ruining families elsewhere.

THE OBERLINS, too, were feeling the effects of this economic phenomena. But they were one of the few families who rested upon firm economic ground. Luckily, Glenn owned his garage, and the living area above it, outright—with no outstanding debts. The automobile craze had been so widespread before the depression that he had been able to pay off his loan and even set back some savings. Glenn had few desires for the material possessions that most of his neighbors spent their earnings on. His money was spent on food, clothes, cigarettes, whiskey, and cars—but not necessarily in that order. He had learned to distrust banks from his

father, who remembered New York banks as rife with corruption. Therefore, Glenn had escaped loss when the local banks went under because his savings were hidden on his own property. It was a good thing, too. The drop in wages and the rise in gasoline prices had caused a rapid decline in automobile use. People just couldn't afford to operate their cars—and cars that weren't driven were even less likely to be taken in to be worked on. Occasionally, Glenn did some work for an individual who needed his car for work. Farmers brought in their pickups, the city still ran its vehicles, and delivery vans were still delivering. Usually, Glenn didn't charge much for his work. He knew times were hard. If he did receive pay, it often took the form of livestock, or firewood, maybe dairy products. This suited him fine since he would have had to buy these items anyway. His wife and daughters worked the family garden that provided for many of their other staples. All in all, Glenn Oberlin wasn't too concerned with the depression. It put him in a position to help some of his neighbors out and establish bonds of patronage that would surely pay off later. His standard of living wasn't much changed. His family still had clothing, shelter, and plenty to eat. Only one thing needed to be dealt with—Prohibition. The cost of whiskey had gone sky-high now that it was illegal. If anything was going to make him destitute, it was this.

WILLIAM CRAUN couldn't believe it. He had lost everything! The family of five stood beside their '34 Ford sedan as the auctioneer parceled off the last of what once had been their life. It just wasn't fair, William told himself as he squeezed his crying wife's hand. He had done everything right. His business moves had been wise, his investments shrewd, and then the depression took it all away. Three years of decline in the grocery business, a stock market crash, he hadn't thought it

could get any worse. He was wrong. William had sold his business, wisely he still believed. He had gotten out while there was still time to make a little profit. This, along with his remaining savings in the bank had allowed him to purchase this eighty acres and the farmhouse. William didn't know much about farming. In fact, as his son would later attest, he didn't have a chance of making it as a farmer. His wife was ill-prepared for the role she would have to play in such a venture—gardening, mending shirts, canning vegetables. She was a city girl. He, too, was ignorant of the planting techniques and ill-prepared for the physical labor required by dirt farming.

Unfortunately, they never got the chance to try. Six months after putting the down payment on his place, William was informed of his bank's collapse—taking all of the Crauns' savings with it. The seller of the farm quickly realized his buyers' inability to pay their mortgage and began the eviction process. Pleading for time, William managed to talk the owner into transferring their purchase price to a smaller acreage he also wished to sell. The owner graciously allowed this out of pity for the Crauns' predicament, but he needed money as badly as they did. William's new farm was under greater strain to support the family because it contained a smaller amount of usable land.

Without skilled management, it had quickly become clear that the Crauns would lose this place as well. And now they had, William realized, watching as their goods were sold at auction. There was some hope, however. Their mortgage holder wasn't heartless, he just needed the money to feed his family. An older man, Mr. McKinna was unable to work his own land and had thus began leasing and selling it bit by bit. He required these payments to provide for himself and his wife. McKinna did however have five acres along the highway between

Flint and Fort Wayne that could be rented cheaply. William leaped at the opportunity. He and his son, Victor (named for the U. S. victory in World War I), quickly built a small shanty, large enough for the family to live in and still have room left for a large eating room. This eating room became a restaurant, with Mrs. Craun preparing hamburgers, vegetables, and pies. Mr. McKinna provided many of the ingredients from his farm and kept rent low enough that all could profit in a small way.

This alone, however, wasn't enough to keep the Crauns afloat. William knew he had to find work. President Roosevelt had formed his Works Progress Administration (W.P.A.) a couple of years earlier to provide jobs for the unemployed. While it was lower class work than William had ever done in his life, it did promise steady income. The W.P.A. fulfilled its promise. William Craun worked for six years at the different camps around the country. Sometimes he would be gone for eight months at a time, but what else could he do? His checks were the main source of money for his family, though the restaurant grew in later years. It wasn't until 1939 that he could quit and return to his family. They bought a house in Flint and continued to run their restaurant. Never again did the Crauns reach the affluence they had experienced before 1927.

A.P. KING couldn't believe it. All that work—gone. It was fall, 1934. The Kings had enjoyed their newly acquired twenty-acres. Unfortunately, prices for farm surpluses had continued to fall. A.P. knew that he had to do something to make a little extra money. Each year saw the Kings dip a little deeper into their meager savings to make their mortgage payments. They were living on borrowed time. This year though, the Kings had tried something new. Some of the planters around

Fayetteville had joined forces to market their crops in the large cities along the east coast. Collectively, they could gather a big enough shipment to afford the railroad fees. Large farmers had tried these same methods with some success in the years between reconstruction and World War I with some success. Now, with the drop in production brought about by the dustbowl, these large farmers had invited smaller landowners such as A.P. to join with them. The Kings had produced twenty acres of strawberries, a wise choice since only southern growers could produce them—they were sure to be in demand up north. A.P. and his sons had loaded the wagon full of berries and carted them to the railway cars in Fayetteville—hoping for the best.

That had been months ago, and today A.P. had heard the news—the money wasn't coming. Supposedly, the berries had begun to rot on the train-ride north, selling low at the northern markets. What meager profit they had made was eaten up by the freight charges. A.P. was devastated. A whole year's worth of work was gone and they were no closer to paying off their property than before. Rumor had it that the larger farmers (whose influential families are still around so I will refrain from naming the names I was given) seemed to be taking the news surprisingly well—with little change to their extravagant lifestyles. Perhaps the berry-rot was class distinctive. Hmmmm. A.P. tried not to think about it. He just knew he'd been hoodwinked, but there was little he could do. He had no proof and no one made accusations against wealthy planters without lots of proof—and friends. A.P. had believed that because he owned property he would be accepted as an equal. He knew better now, but he couldn't afford to fight. He knew that his family was counting on him. He had to find better paying work.

A.P. needed a better wage than was possible in

Arkansas. His brother out in Oregon had written him about the opportunities for work out west. The Kings decided to try. Throughout the next six years, A.P. and his family traveled between Arkansas and California, working as migrant farmers on fruit plantations. They made the trip four times throughout this period, staying from harvest time in the fall to planting and pruning time in the spring. Their children worked as well, doing the same work as the adults for only slightly lower wages. Migrant farmers were considered the equivalent of Hispanics in California society. The groups even lived together with few racial distinctions between them. They went to the same poor schools, lived in the same shantytowns, and their children played together. Poverty and hard work have an erosive effect on social divisions. It was hard to look down on people who sweated alongside you in the field and lived alongside you in the same pathetic shacks provided by the planters. A.P. was especially open to this acceptance of people so similar to himself. After all, he knew what it was like to not belong. His experience with the planters was a painful reminder.

Their work in the California orchards wasn't enough, however, to keep their farm. The strain of trying to keep up a place while spending half the year somewhere else was too much. When the dustbowl drought and the peach pestilence dragged on in Arkansas for several years, causing them to lose the farm. Now when the Kings returned to their home-state, they came as sharecroppers, viewed as migrants by their employers just as they were in California. Their time in the west was not completely in vain, though. The Kings did manage to save enough between picking fruit in California and share-cropping in Arkansas to eventually buy a small farm on the Middlefork of the White River where A.P. and his wife could support themselves with their veg-

etable garden and social security. Their experiences during the depression, however, would mark them for the rest of their lives.

MRS. TONEY was horrified. The mangled form of her husband lay beneath the hospital sheets. She didn't want to look. It wasn't surprise that caused the shock—she had known sooner or later a longshoreman would get hurt—it was the pain her husband was in. Arvil Toney tried to smile at his wife, wincing as his back spasmed again. He didn't want to let her know how much it hurt him. It was stupid, he thought. He had worked around that Hawser for fifteen years. He never should have let the rope grow slack. "Davey was new at the boom, he didn't know better," Arvil realized bitterly, "but I should have." He had never seen the loop grab his leg—not until the it jerked him onto the Hawser and broke his back.

Luckily the union had won some workers compensation from the company so his medical bills would be taken care of. The union had helped in other ways as well, providing him with a monthly stipend for three years, until he could get back on his feet. Arvil knew he was lucky to be alive. He had prepared for this day as best he could. The Toney's had enough savings to move to Arkansas where Arvil's uncle lived. Land was cheap enough there that they could afford a small place to live in the country.

Arvil's back hurt for the rest of his life. The doctors gave him a steel girdle to wear to support it. Their small farm in Sulphur City, Arkansas, provided most of their needs. Luckily both Arvil and his wife had grown up on farms and were familiar with how to grow crops. He took a job as a plumber until his health failed him and he had to retire. The changes brought on by the depression had not only provided for an increase in their livelihood, but also helped create an economic 'safety net'

(social security and union benefits) that allowed them to survive amidst debilitating injury.

GLENN OBERLIN was dying. His liver was destroyed. The doctors had given him something for pain and it usually worked. Glenn wasn't down, though. He had lived his life just as he wished. He had three beautiful daughters, and his wife was going to be able to sell his garage for enough to take care of herself. The depression had gradually ended what minor inconveniences it had caused the Oberlins. Automobiles had returned to the road and that meant eventual repair. His family had never had luxuries before, but now that his drinking had stopped, they began to have more free cash. The depression had meant a brief slowing down for this family. The women were about to gain a large increase in free capital, a strange occurrence with the death of the breadwinner. The cost of alcohol before the repeal of prohibition however, had sucked most of the profit from the Oberlin business. These family experiences would have a more profound effect on Glenn's children than the depression ever did.

These are the experiences of four families during the depression. They have been taken from interviews with surviving children of those families who experienced first hand what the depression was like. Everyone talks about the results of the depression in the lives of people who lived it, but perhaps more important to today's society is how these people in turn affected their families. The people interviewed for this paper are family members of mine that I know intimately. In closing this project about the various experiences of people during the depression, I would like to make some generalizations about the characteristics of their children's later lives as adults.

William Craun's son, Victor, worked for six years at the family restaurant before apprenticing to a carpenter. Remembering how his father's lack of a trade had meant the family's dependence upon the market economy, Victor was consumed with becoming his own boss. After four years, working as a carpenter, Victor married Dolores Oberlin, daughter of Glenn Oberlin. The couple bought a dairy farm in Angola, Indiana, and worked it together until WWII—where Victor served as an aircraft mechanic.

After the war, the cost of living was becoming increasingly high as veterans rushed back home to compete for wages in the cities and groups such as women and blacks tried to retain jobs they had earned during the war. To protect Victor's desire for self-sufficiency, and because of Dolores' need for stability, the two began searching for a larger farm. Prices were cheaper in the south, and soon the Crauns moved their family of five to Arkansas. There, they bought a 600-acre farm on the banks of the East Fork of the White River and to this day live happily. Self-sufficiency and ownership are still important to Victor; his land is the freedom his father never found. He has little respect for those who aren't willing to work for their success. Dolores enjoys her stable home life and the ability to spend money on luxury items or travels that interest her—something not allowed in her parents' families. She also enjoys lavishing gifts on her children and grandchildren—again, foreign to her childhood. Both plan on spending the rest of their allotted days on the land they've grown to love.

A.P. King and America Delilah King eventually moved into a small house in south Fayetteville, where they could have easy access to food and medicine. They lived to the age of 100 and 103 respectively, with a multitude of grandchildren and great grandchildren. Their

youngest son, Carl Eugene (Gene) married the daughter of a longshoreman he had met in California—Peggy Ann Toney. They married after Gene returned from the navy in WWII. He had enlisted on his seventeenth birthday (he lied, saying he was 18) and served at Okinawa and the occupation of Japan—a total enlistment of six years. After their marriage, the Kings eventually settled on the outskirts of Fayetteville. Gene worked for 40 years at the Rural Electric Association while Peggy raised four kids. They retain a strong sense of strength that carried down from their parents' experiences. Both exhibit an intense distrust of power—perhaps due to their parents' tales of the 'planters' or the 'shipping bosses.' Class distinctions of rich and poor are the main social dividers in their world view. Above all is a belief that people must work to make themselves better and that those not trying deserve nothing from those who are.

These characteristics listed above are admittedly only generalizations and are not intended to imply that their origins lay wholly in their parents' depression experiences. However, these views do seem to align closely with at least some of their parents' ideas and the depression was one of the most important shapers of those ideas. Their children, if asked, will usually refer back to the depression and their parents when rationalizing these beliefs. The bottom line is that events like the depression leave scars and effects that mold future generations in far-reaching and individual ways. A better understanding of the events that shaped our parents and grandparents will prove most beneficial when examining the development of our own ideas and prejudices—before we pass them down to our own children.

Author's notes:

All the events mentioned in this work are, to the best of

my knowledge, true. The characters are real and the stories are based upon the accounts retold to me during interviews with the following people:

Carl Eugene King, son of Arch Powel King—interviewed:
11 April 1997

Peggy Toney, daughter of Arvil Toney—interviewed 11
April 1997

Victor Carl Craun, son of William Craun—interviewed 20
March 1997

Delores Oberlin, daughter of Glen Oberlin—interviewed
20 March 1997

I would like to sincerely thank them for their time and candor during the research interviews for this project. Their stories will live on in the lives of their children's children. One other matter, the dialogue between a Union leader and Arvil Toney is of my own invention based upon the actual occurrences of Arvil and the strike. It is included merely to emphasize the desperate times depicted. ❖

From page 6 of the August 1957 issue of *Flashback* (Vol. VII, No. 5): **“Early Photos of Frisco Tunnel.** Through the courtesy of Mrs. Mary Winn of Winslow, our Society has acquired two fine pictures of the Frisco tunnel at Winslow taken shortly after completion of the tunnel in 1882. The Winn family has many other old Winslow pictures, as well as family records. Mrs. Winn is 93 years old. She remembers the building of the railroad and the tunnel. She recalls that a smallpox epidemic hit the construction crew, chiefly Negroes, and that those who died were buried on her father's farm. Mrs. Winn's parents were the J.C. Stockburgers who came here from Georgia in 1852 in a covered wagon. Mrs. Winn was born in 1864 in what is now the Mineral Springs community, 8 miles south of Fayetteville.” ❖

Fayetteville's First Bank "Robbery"

by David R. Malone

The Witness, a newspaper published in Fayetteville, reported the following account in its edition of Saturday, May 4, 1841:

"Bank Robbed. - On Sunday night last, the branch of the State Bank at this place was entered by some villain, and robbed of a small quantity of money, and four of the principal books in which the accounts of the Bank were kept. The money taken from the teller's drawer is not supposed to exceed \$20 or \$30. It is probable that the books were carried away merely to satisfy malice, and for the purpose of injuring the officers of the Bank in the eyes of [the] community. The person who entered has been by some means well informed of the manner in which the window was fastened, having broken the pane of glass immediately under where a nail had been inserted for the purpose of securing the window, and by that means withdrawn the nail, and effected an entrance into the Clerk's room. From thence, by using an instrument prepared for the purpose, the lock of the door separating the Clerk's room from the business part of the Bank, was forced. A meeting of the citizens was yesterday called, for the purpose of devising measures for their recovery; when it was unanimously decided that a general search should be had, which was accordingly prosecuted throughout the town, without distinction. One of the books, the Individual Ledger, was found lying among some fodder, in a stable belonging to Mr. Gillet. The stable had been unoccupied for several weeks, the owner having left town prior to the robbery. It will be seen by an advertisement in another column, that \$500 reward is offered for the books and thief, or \$100 for each of the books."

The State Bank was authorized by the 1836 Constitution of the State. The Bank, established by the General Assembly, developed branches at Fayetteville, Batesville and Arkansas Post and maintained a central office in Little Rock.

The other banking books mentioned in *The Witness* article were found in the West Fork of the White River, most part undamaged, except the general ledger, in which all of the pages were cut out. William McKnight Ball, cashier of the bank, was charged with losing more than \$60,000.00 in the operation of the branch by Isaac Murphy and David Walker. The implication that the "robbery" was staged to cover these losses was widely drawn. Ball accused others of causing the banks problems and charges and counter-charges flew back and forth during September and October, 1841. In November it was reported that Ball left under the cover of darkness and began a new life in the Republic of Texas. Governor Yell of Fayetteville, embarrassed by the charges of mismanagement of the branch, appointed a bank commissioner to reconstruct the bank's accounts and the commissioner eventually reported more than \$33,000.00 missing.

Information about the Fayetteville branch may be found in "The Arkansas State Bank: The Ante-Bellum Period" by Ted R. Worley in volume 23 of the *Arkansas Historical Quarterly*, and in "The Life of Archibald Yell," by Melinda Meek found in volume 26 of the same journal. General information about the State Bank, which collapsed from unsound banking practices, may be found in *Arkansas Odyssey* (contains a bibliographic essay citing other articles about the State Bank) by Michael B. Dougan. ❖

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